

# ARMISTICE DAY IN PARIS TWO YEARS AGO

Two years ago, an English colonel exhibiting all the typical characteristics of an old-line British army officer stood on the corner of boulevard des Italiens and Avenue de l'Opera in Paris. A young Anzac private, considerably the worse for an encounter with vin rouge, walked up to him, clapped him on the back, threw his arms around him and finally planted a kiss on his mouth. Squirreling himself from the private's grasp, the Colonel twined him about a convenient lamp post, gravely came to attention, saluted and joined the throngs surging down the Grands Boulevards. What would have meant court-martial and imprisonment for the Anzac the day before was overlooked Nov. 11, 1918. It was Armistice Day. Hostilities had ceased at 11 o'clock that morning.

Paris had taken the news that the armistice was to come with a stoicism almost unbelievable. War-worn, hungry France had little interest in the negotiations leading up to it. True the brilliant lights around Place de la Concorde had blazed for almost two weeks in a flagrant defiance to German bombing planes and the boulevard crowds, the Saturday night before, had cheered newspaper bulletins that the Kaiser had abdicated but on the whole, the average Frenchman didn't seem especially concerned. Every siren in the city sounded its raucous notes when 11 o'clock came but the newspapers didn't think enough of the news to issue extras and only gave it ordinary first page play in their mid-day editions.

The midnights—the little sewing girls in the fashionable dressmaking establishments along the Rue de la Paix—started the celebration at noon by the very simple process of kissing every allied soldier they met and were graciously assisted in their efforts by tens of thousands of American doughboys, who helped preserve the entente cordiale by making themselves especially conspicuous. When 2 o'clock, the end of luncheon hour came, the celebration was in full swing. No one thought of going back to work.

One never can forget the Grands Boulevards that November afternoon. Vehicular traffic was impossible. French, Americans, Englishmen, Canadians, Belgians, the best men and women from a score of nations who had left their homes to fight the allied cause, formed a great river of shouting, singing, cheering humanity.

Gathered on the steps of the Grand Opera House was a little group of probably two hundred, the artists and chorus of the opera. They were to sing the Marseillaise, the militant national anthem of France, but the throngs defeated their purpose. Scarcely a line had they sung when the crowd joined them. The song spread for miles. From Madeleine to Porte St. Denis each block contained its singing thousands. The volume swelled. American military bands joined in. The words were repeated over and over again. The greatest chorus the world ever has seen sang its greatest paean of victory that afternoon.

Enthusiasm took queer turns. At Place Vendome American Red Cross girls and English Waacs started an old-fashioned game of blind man's bluff, a sport in which they quickly were joined by the soldiers of the Allied nations when it was discovered that a lucky catch, as in the days of their childhood, was rewarded with a kiss. Blinded captors were required to give the nationality instead of the name of a captive but this was easy for anyone who had been in France long enough to learn the various types of uniforms. Everybody played—colonels and privates, Americans, and British, Belgians and French. Rank was forgotten and so was race.

Crowds surged toward the captured German guns in the Tuilleries. There were hundreds of them but not enough to supply equipment for a suddenly popular sport which consisted of placing girls on the carriages and giving them rides along the less densely thronged streets. The next day's dawn found these guns scattered throughout the city but French officialdom, generally so particular, did not seem to care.

Dusk came. Far down on the Seine could be heard the continuous booming of guns—German guns on captured German U-boats which were being used to help celebrate the Allied victory. Shutters which had been closed carefully every night for four years to help thwart the German planes were thrown open. Street light standards were illuminated. The giant search-light at the top of Tour Eiffel played its rays over the great city and Paris again became what it had been before the war—"The City of Light."

A proclamation by the Mayor scattered throughout the city brought still more joy. Printed in Red, White and Blue and averaging at least one "Victorie!" and two "Liberties!" to each line it needlessly called upon every citizen to forget care and celebrate, and wound up with an announcement that the bars, restaurants and cafes, which had been forced to close at 9 o'clock every night, would have no closing bar that night. If anything was needed to swell the elation of the crowds, that closing announcement in the proclamation did it. Celebrators grew more hilarious and there seemed to be more of them. In the fashionable Rue de la Paix, a group of Americans conceived the brilliant idea of giving college yells, an amusement which proved extremely popular with the French who enjoyed the gyrations of the cheer leader as he swayed to and fro on the top of a taxicab. Seemingly the cheer leader was from Missouri for the Tiger yell predominated.

Midnight found the throngs as large as ever and still celebrating. Few were sober. Few cared to be. Three o'clock found still fewer in normal condition. And so the night went on until the gray dawn of a new day—a day of peace.—W. T. G.

## INDESTRUCTIBLE!

A post-mortem has been held over the Democratic party by... (text cut off)

next campaign will be fought between the Republicans and Mr. Christensen's own party. Doubtless he is sincere. Depressed Republicans were in earnest when they saw no future for their party after the Cleveland landslide in 1892; but four years later the landslide reversed itself and Mr. Bryan was buried in the detritus. If the complexion of Congress could be regarded as prophetic, each party has in turn seemed not long for this world. In 1890 the Democrats elected 235 Representatives and the Republicans 88, the Farmers' Alliance or Populists 9. Thus of a membership of 332 the Republicans had a few more than one-fourth. The McKinley tariff bill did it. Two years later the Cleveland landslide happened; but two years after that, in 1894, Congress went Republican with a tremendous sweep, 241 to 104.

If ever a party seemed to be in extremis, it was the Democratic party when the Civil War ended in 1865. Wilbur F. Storey called it a "putrescent corpse." Two years later that party had a majority in the House. Two more years passed and Samuel J. Tilden polled 250,935 more votes than Rutherford B. Hayes and lost the presidency through the decision of the electoral commission by one electoral vote. During the intervening period the Republican party has held power twenty-eight years and Democratic Presidents have occupied the White House sixteen years.

The party of Jefferson, Jackson, Cleveland and Wilson has had great recuperative power, even when suffering from violent concussion and shock. The vital spark has been quickly fanned into flame by the vicious legislation of Republican Congresses, construing a party victory as a commission to disregard the interests of the people in favor of a select few. The Democratic party is indestructible because, whatever mistakes it has made, it is a people's party, though the ultra-radicals and irresponsible fanatics will not accept it as such. It may sometimes wander from the foundation principles, but returns to them. Its traditions go back more than one hundred years. It has only to be true to itself to be a formidable opposition party; and however it is derided by the Republican party when flushed with power, it is always reinstated when that party goes wrong.—New York Times.

## THANKSGIVING

President Wilson has issued his Thanksgiving proclamation, saying that "in plenty, security and peace our virtuous and self-reliant people face the future," and setting aside Thursday, Nov. 25, for the usual observances. The text follows:

"The season approaches when it behooves to turn from the distraction and pre-occupation of our daily life that we may contemplate the mercies which have vouchsafed to us and render heartfelt and unfeigned thanks unto God for His manifold goodness."

"This is an old observance of the American people. We have abundant cause for thanksgiving. The lessons of the war are rapidly healing; the great army of free men which America sent to the defense of liberty and the peaceful nation, has resumed the pursuit of peace as simply and as promptly as it rushed to arms in obedience to the country's call. The equal justice of our laws has received steady vindication in the support of law-abiding people against various and sinister attacks which have reflected only the baser agitation of war now happily passing."

"In plenty, security and peace, our virtuous and self-reliant people face the future, its duties and its opportunities. May we have vision to discern our duties; the strength both of hand and resolve to discharge them and soundness of heart to realize that the truest of opportunities are those of service."

"In a spirit then of devotion and stewardship, we should give thanks in our hearts and dedicate ourselves to the service of God's merciful and loving purposes to his children."

"Wherefore, I, Woodrow Wilson, President of the United States of America, do hereby designate Thursday, the 25th day of November next, as a day of Thanksgiving and prayer, and I call upon my countrymen to cease from the ordinary tasks and avocations upon that day, giving it up to the remembrance of God and His blessings and their dutiful and grateful acknowledgment."

## EDITORS IN OFFICE.

Alexandre Millerand, the new president of France, is one of the ablest editors of Europe, and other able editors are members of his cabinet. It was characteristic of him that one of his first acts was to put a new bath-tub in the presidential quarters and modernize the old palace for living on lines of efficiency. He has vision and sees far, but he is practical and he will make his going comfortable. With all her glorious past France has the forward step and her new president is up to date.

Next Tuesday an editor will be chosen President of the United States. It is very likely that he will have several editors in his cabinet, and it is quite certain that scores of editors will come forth as ambassadors, ministers, consuls and foreign representatives. If white paper keeps going up there is no telling how many editors for the public service.

An editor usually works along the line of public affairs and it seems natural for him to step over and take office. And yet an editor in office is an editor chained. One of the ablest editors in my recollection was Henry J. Raymond of the New York Times. He was a very brilliant man and a great editor. He practically managed the Baltimore convention that renominated Lincoln and wrote the platform. He went to Congress, but it was a mistake. Raymond as editor was far more powerful and far more useful than Raymond as congressman. Another editor, also a brilliant man, of whom I was very fond, was Charles

cellent postmaster general, he was not as effective at Washington as he was as editor of the Philadelphia Press. There have been scores of editors in Congress within the past fifty years and many of them have done well, but I never met one who did not say he would rather be back in his old office. Among the great editors who achieved first rank in office were John Hay and Whitelaw Reid, both of whom I knew well, but in each instance there were regrets; they sighed for the smell and the smudge of printer's ink. In this respect my old and much-beloved friend Henry Waterson was the wisest editor I knew. They elected him to Congress when he wasn't looking, but after one term he got out and all the king's horses and all the king's men could not pull him into office again. And so for a half century he had his fun and his happiness as one of the favored Americans who took part in things and enjoyed the friendship of everybody, those who agreed with him and those who called him names.

In President Wilson's cabinet are several editors. No special glory encompasses them, but they have kept up with their work and they enjoy it, but it is quite probable that they will settle down in their old office chairs with sighs of immense relief after the new deal goes into effect next March. It may be all right to call editors to the public service because the public service needs aliveness, ability and efficiency, but it is not a good thing for the editors or their papers. The old shoemaker who stuck to his last was one of the best teachers man ever had.—Felix Angus in Baltimore American.

## POPULATION OF ORPHANAGE INCREASES

The population of the Christian Home Orphanage, located at Council Bluffs, Iowa, has steadily increased since January 1st, in spite of the fact that more children have been placed for adoption in private families than ever before in a similar period of time. This institution is known nationally, and for nearly forty years has been a haven for homeless and destitute children and aged, dependent women. It has a daily average of 250 inmates to provide for. It is non-sectarian, has no endowment, employs no agents, but is supported entirely by the voluntary contributions of charitable people from all parts of the country. The Orphanage is endeavoring to raise funds at Thanksgiving, to enable it to properly carry on its humane efforts. A Thanksgiving donation from you to this worthy work will help provide for some homeless, motherless child. Address, The Christian Home Orphanage, Council Bluffs, Iowa.

## BOOST YOUR TOWN

Doubtless, everyone in this or any town feels the necessity, at some time or other, of boosting for his home town. He may not do so always, but yet, he knows that he should. Boosting means supporting its institutions. Supporting does not necessarily mean simply buying what each or any business concern may have to sell. For instance, the newspaper; the fact that you may be a steady subscriber and paying for it in advance is not the sole duty of the individual.

One way a man or woman can give the paper their support, is to hand in any item of news they may happen to know of. Even if it may appear as an unimportant bit of gossip it is sure to be of interest to some one—and these items of news about folks and what they are doing help to make up a live local newspaper. If you agree with the movements which the newspaper is advocating for the benefit of the community you, as a friend of the paper, will do your utmost to help the project along.

Even a word of encouragement to the editor will go a long way toward the desired end. In fact, the entire town—the town in which you live—should have a warm place in your heart. You certainly want to see your town thrive and prosper. Let us all get together and boost for the town and everything worth while.

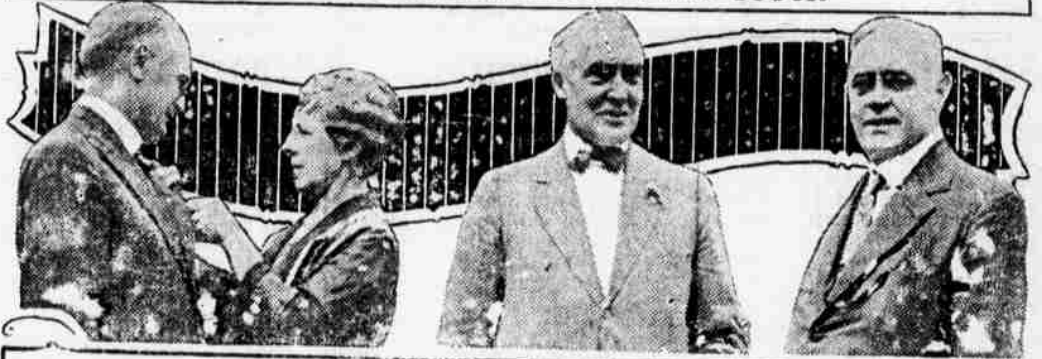
For the next four years the Republicans will have control—both in the Nation and State. But there will be work for the Democrats, and instead of losing any time over what is now history, they should begin to plan for the future. The party that gave to the country the Federal Reserve Act, the Farm Loan Law, the Child Labor laws and a score and more of other sane and progressive measures—in a period of seven years—and managed most successfully the greatest military feat ever undertaken in our history is indispensable to our country's welfare and some day in the not distant future will be called upon to assume the responsibility of government again.—Jackson Cash Book.

## Uncle John's Josh

MRS. PRIMPLE SAYS SHE WON'T WEAR CALIKER ANY MORE BECAUSE SHE DOESN'T LIKE TO SEE HERSELF IN PRINT.



## WITH THE PRESIDENT-ELECT IN THE SOUTH



This is an exclusive picture which has just arrived from the south, where Mr. Creager and Mr. Scobey are acting as hosts to the Harding party. The view below is the Creager home, on the gulf. From left to right they are: Mr. B. B. Creager, Mrs. Harding, Mr. Harding and Mr. F. E. Scobey.

## THE FAITHFUL NILE

The Nile began to rise on time—the great life-giving river of Egypt began creeping up its low banks June 16, to overflow the valley and thus to perpetuate the fertility of the soil. The beginning of the rise varies but a few days. It occurs from June 15 to June 17 and continues on until toward the last of September, when the waters recede and the crops are cultivated and harvested. The rice is sown in the water before it leaves the valley, but many other crops cannot be planted until the river returns to its banks.

It is not strange the natives used to believe the source of the Nile was in Paradise; it was a paradise to them. Every year, without rains, the stream began overflowing the valley at a certain date. It brought down fertility as well as providing moisture for the crops that were to follow. The natives did not explore its source. There it was, stretched out before them, rolling peacefully whence they knew not. As far as they traveled, there was the river, the same stream, coming from heaven, of course. How could such blessings flow from any other source? They did not follow it to the mountains; they did not understand that this annual inundation was due to the melting snows; they had never met anyone who claimed to have visited the region of its source.

The ancients watched for the rise of the river even as do the moderns. But they were more impatient than the moderns. If the river did not begin to rise on June 15 they made sacrifice. They took the most beautiful maiden in the land, gowned her as if for a wedding and drowned her in the stream. It was always effective, for within a day or two the stream began to rise—just as it does now without drowning a maiden in its waters.—Columbia Dispatch.

## HOGS PAY BIG MONEY

Mr. Pete Wing of Hawk Point, Mo., made a lot of money out of his hogs. He says: "I fed them Dr. LeGear's Hog Prescription. It has given wonderful results in putting gains on them with less feed. They were on heavy feed for only a month; averaged a gain of 2 1-2 pounds daily, and were only 7 months, 10 days old, when sold."

Mr. Wing profited by the advice of Dr. LeGear, Graduate Veterinarian and Expert Poultry Breeder of 28 years' standing.

Dr. LeGear's Hog Prescription will put weight on your hogs also, because it expels worms, purifies the blood and conditions them so that they gain flesh on less feed.

It makes no difference what ailment is prevalent among your stock or poultry, it is money in your pocket to get the proper Dr. LeGear Remedy from your dealer, on a satisfaction or money back offer.

## HE BET AND LOST



Many fresh stunts were staged as a result of election bets. This fellow had to gallop down the street yelling "fire" and pulling a toy fire engine after him. To

## DAME FASHION FORGOT HER ARMS



Alice Brady the pretty little movie star, has answered the dictates of Dame Fashion, who is evidently very fearful lest Alice should have cold neck and hands. So a beautiful black skunk neck-piece protects milady's neck and long gloves her hands and wrists. However, Dame Fashion has sadly neglected Alice's arms, for her short shoulder cap sleeves leave some space for the chilly fall winds. Notice the belt and sides of the gray satin panel are trimmed with long black fur.

## IS YOUR FAMILY MISSED?

We presume there never was a newspaper in any locality that gave all the local happenings. It is often that someone comes or goes that the reporter does not see. It happens that the family is missed several times. They get the impression that the editor does not care to mention them. That is a mistake. In most country towns the local work is the hardest part connected with the newspaper. Editorial matter is obtained by study, by reading newspapers and by using the scissors. Personal and local happenings can't be read and slipped from other papers—not by a jugful! It takes physical as well as mental exertion to get out eight pages of home print filled with local news every week, in a town of this size. Help your paper to get the local happen-

ings. Don't be afraid to tell the editor that you have friends visiting you. There are lots of people interested in your friends. You owe it as a duty to them to let your friends know of their doings. Perhaps you think the paper shows partiality but just see if we don't treat you right if you give us a chance.—Ex.

## WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THIS?

For the purpose of aiding Germany and Austria to get back on their feet in the matter of dairying and cattle raising, sympathetic organizations in this country have entered negotiations with Texas farmers to purchase 150,000 head of cattle for \$10,000,000 within the next six months. The cattle will be "loaned" to those two countries in order to head off the possibility of the allies appropriating this stock in partial payment of the Teuton indemnities. After a certain number of years an equal number of cattle will be returned to the American owners.

## "Cold in the Head"

is an acute attack of Nasal Catarrh. These subjects to frequent "colds in the head" will find that the use of HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE will build up the System, cleanse the Blood and render them less liable to colds. Repeated attacks of Acute Catarrh may lead to Chronic Catarrh. HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE is taken internally and acts through the Blood on the Mucous Surfaces of the System, thus reducing the inflammation and restoring normal conditions. All druggists. Circulars free. F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio.

## SUGGESTIONS FOR KICKERS

If you sit down to a table with good things to eat, and happen to see just one little dish you do not like, turn over the table with everything on it, rise and leave the room in indignation. If you go to church and see one person there whom you know to be a hypocrite, wrap the mantle of your own saintly dignity about your carcass and leave that congregation peccando pronto, P. D. Q., in such a manner that all may see how good you are and how much your tender conscience is lacerated by having to sit with scoundrels and pharisees and such. If your home paper contains one item of news you do not like, among hundreds of others, by all means run right in and loudly order that infernal sheet stopped at once. By doing these several things under these circumstances you will renew your good opinion of yourself, which may have been backsliding some. Also convince the innocent bystander that you are, always have been and always will be a very heckuva important fellow.—Journal, Kingman, Kas.

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